



Contemporary Poetry of the Texan Revolution

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CONTEMPORARY POETRY OF THE TEXAN REVOLUTION

ALEX DIENST

The poems presented in this article have been carefully sought for by me in the past twenty years. With the exception of three of them, I have no knowledge of any of them having been reprinted after their original appearance in print. While I have found about one hundred poems printed during the days of the Republic of Texas, in this section I have only included those that appeared in print during 1836, the "heroic period of Texas history," and the year of the declaration of Texan independence. It is barely possible that two or three of these poems have never been in print. I possess the original manuscripts, and from marginal notes thereon, I should judge that they had appeared in some contemporaneous publication in 1836, but, if so, I have not located them.

While not claiming to be a judge of poetical literature, I am quite sure that any patriot, especially in these days of universal patriotism, will agree with me that these poems are not only meritorious, but are far above the average in thought, rhythm, vivacity, energy of expression, and poetical expression.

It is a trite saying that the poet has a prophetic insight. A careful perusal of the verses here presented will show that not a prophecy here foretold, or a hope for the future grandeur and perpetuity and liberty and prosperity of the then struggling infant Republic of Texas, but that Time has fulfilled, "pressed down, good measure, running over."

Not a poem bearing on the subject of the war has been excluded. The collection is as complete for the year 1836 as I could make it. It would have been an easy matter, and a pleasure, for me to annotate each poem, and possibly enlighten some readers whose study of Texas history may not have been so extensive as to understand fully every reference to Texas history herein cited, but I believed that it would mar the beauty of the poems to distract the reader's attention by a too promiscuous use of notes. I, therefore, present them to the reader with only such

necessary notes and annotations as regards author, time of publication, and, where known, the newspaper, periodical, or book, wherein first published.

It is hoped that the heart throbs here so faithfully depicted for love of home, freedom, independence, patriotism, and humanity, will find an echo in the hearts and minds of our own generation, who are the descendants of these sturdy pioneers, who planted fields in the wilderness, and upon the beautiful, flower-decked prairies, built their log cabins with axe in one hand and rifle in the other, and finally left, as a blessed heritage, this beautiful Texas, "the Lone Star State," for us to cherish and guard, by emulating the virtues of hospitality, courage and simplicity, so forcefully exemplified in their struggle for liberty and freedom.

As a prelude to the Texas poems, I wish to insert the following beautiful lines of fugitive poetry:

TO THE PIONEER

*A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
The patriarch of his tribe!
He sleeps—no pompous pile marks where,
No lines his deeds describe.

They raised no stone above him here,
Nor carved his deathless name;
An empire is his sepulchre,
His epitaph is fame.*

Theodore O'Hara.

TO ARMS¹

Boys, rub your steels and pick your flints,
Methinks I hear some friendly hints
That we from Texas shall be driven—
Our lands to Spanish soldiers given.
To arms, to arms, to arms!

Then Santa Anna soon shall know
Where all his martial law shall go.

¹These verses were written by N. T. Byars, of Washington, Texas, in 1835, upon the occasion of the receipt of a threatening proclamation from Santa Anna, addressed to the people of Texas. The declaration of Texas independence was written and signed in the house of N. T. Byars.

It shall not in the Sabine flow.
 Nor line the banks of the Colorado.
 To arms, to arms, to arms!

Instead of that he shall take his stand
 Beyond the banks of the Rio Grande;
 His martial law we will put down
 We'll live at home and live in town.

Huzza, huzza, huzza! N. T. BYARS.

NEW YANKEE DOODLE²

St. Ana did a notion take that he must rule the land, sir;
 The church and he forthwith agree to publish the command, sir.
 In Mexico none shall be free.
 The people are too blind to see.
 They cannot share the Liberty
 Of Yankee Doodle Dandy.

Ye Mexicans, henceforth beware, my central plan attend to;
 My shoulders will the burden bear, no Yankee shall offend you.
 In Mexico, etc.,

Of soldiers now he stands in need, but soldiers must be paid, sir;
 He then dictates a law with speed to seize the Yankee trade, sir.
 In Mexico, etc.,

Obedient to their tyrant's will, his myrmidions comply, sir;
 The Texians see along their coast some vessels captured nigh, sir.
 In Mexico, etc.,

To Vera Cruz they send each prize, each unresisting man, sir;
 Remonstrance, too, is found unwise, it makes the foe less bland, sir.
 In Mexico, etc.,

The Pirate Thompson's next essay, brave Hurd to capture, too, sir,
 Resulted quite another way; such robbing will not do, sir.
 In Mexico, etc.,

The Texians say they won't receive the central plan at all, sir,
 But nobly go to meet the foe, with powder and with ball, sir.
 In Mexico, etc.,

²*Telegraph and Texas Register*, October 31, 1835.

Huzza! for Texas volunteers, we are the boys so handy,
We'll teach the Mexicans to fear our Yankee Doodle Dandy.
Yankee Doodle, let us hear,
Yankee Doodle Dandy,
We'll teach the Mexicans to fear,
Our Yankee Doodle Dandy.

K.

TEXAS AND LIBERTY³

A brief suspense since last the muse
Of Texas sung, and chivalry;
Again the grateful task ensues
To note her glorious destiny.

The foes of freedom still may doubt
Her onward march to liberty,
Her faithful soldiers, brave and stout,
Assurance give she must be free.

A pleasing scene in Texas now
Dispels a momentary gloom,
When first was heard the despot's vow,
"To make its soil her freemen's tomb."

Such boasting ends, as well it may,
When men determine to be free,
Their rights defend, and dauntless say,
"Freedom or Death our motto be."

Gonzales, Goliad, Patricius
Record the actions of the brave,
In conflict with the vile and vicious,
The boasting minions of a slave.

At San Antonio Señor Cos
His safety seeks behind its walls;
At length impelled with signal loss
He yields to Texas rifle balls.

A gallant band of heroes go,
Assault him in his strong retreat;

³*Louisiana Advertiser* (New Orleans, 1836).

From house to house they drive the foe,
Who see no chance to shun defeat.

Three days and nights in battle strife
Brave Milam led till he was slain.
In freedom's cause he ends his life;
Surviving friends the fight maintain.

Till San Antonio fairly won,
Abandoned by the conquer'd foe,
Who Texas rifle-men to shun
Retreat within the Alamo.

Last refuge of this vile crusade,
Whence they despatch a flag of truce,
And humbly crave the victors aid,
To feed them on their homeward course.

The Texans generous as brave,
No longer foes, that boon supplies,
Their feuds now rest within the grave
And human kindness mark the wise.

Ye nations old a lesson take,
From Young defenders of their rights,
No sanguinary laws they make,
No lawless force their honor blights.

Justice and right they will extend
But when assailed by tyrant foes,
A peaceful home they will defend;
All who invade they must oppose.

Should lawless bands attempt again
To force submission to their yoke,
The gallant Texans, though humane,
May then decree—this truce is broke.

But if they will henceforth agree
In friendly intercourse to dwell,
Then Texas will as friendly be,
In kindness none will her excel.

One last resource for her remains,
Full *Independence* to decree;
Then in her sacrifice she gains
That, which if lost, 'tis slavery.

And who that loves sweet liberty
Can cease to aid its progress there?
All respond, "*No*, she must be free."
"*Texas and Liberty*," they cheer.

New Orleans, February 1, 1836.

H. K.

TEXIAN CAMP SONG⁴

Our rifles are ready,
And ready are we;
Neither fear, care, nor sorrow
In this company.
Our rifles are ready
To welcome the foe,
So away o'er the Sabine
For Texas we go.

For Texas: the land
Where the bright rising star
Leads to beauty in peace
And to glory in war.
With aim never erring
We strike down the deer;
We chill the false heart
Of the Red Man with fear.

The blood of the Saxon
Rolls full in the veins
Of the lads that must lord
Over Mexico's plains—
O'er the plains where the breeze
Of the south woos the flowers,

⁴The following lines are a hasty after-dinner effusion of one of the sweetest living bards of England. They were shown us by a friend of the author, and are now, for the first time, given to the public.

As we press those we love
In their sweet summer bowers.

One pledge to our loves:
When the battle is done,
They shall share the broad lands
Which the rifle has won.
No tear on their cheeks.

Should we sleep with the dead,
There are Rovers to follow
Who will still "go a head,"
Who will still "go a head,"
Where the bright, rising star
Leads to beauty in peace
And to glory in war.

K.

THEY COME! THEY COME!⁵

They come, they come, the ruthless band,
To enforce the tyrant's foul decree
To desolate this smiling land,
The dwelling of the fair and free.
Sons of the West, the hour has come
Of victory or martyrdom.

These fields our brows have oft bedewed,
As bloomed the desert with our toil,
Shall be in blood more deep embrued
Ere thralldom stains the Texian soil.
When bleach our bones on every plain,
Then wolves may greet Santa Anna's reign.

When shall the aspiring traitor learn
The cost of such a dreary sway?
Behold yon warriors, few but stern,
Who front the invader's broad array—
True as the rifle to its aim
Each heart is to the cause they claim.

⁵The original manuscript of this poem is in my possession. I have never seen it in print.

On gallant souls, where glory calls,
And God and freedom be the cry;
Where one devoted patriot falls
An hundred ruffian slaves shall die.
And should they win one conquered rood,
'Tis with a slaughtered legion strewed.

On, while heroic shades look down
And view our kindred ranks with pride,
Your sires who fought with Washington,
Your brethren who with Mina died,
"Shame not your race," they cry, "ye brave,
Preserve a home or find a grave."

Blessed are the bowers no storms invade,
Where plenty reigns and hearts are warm;
Blessed are the free whose swords have made
Their dwellings safe from foe and harm;
But far more blessed the valiant dead.
Who die in honor's gory bed.

J. R. W.

SONG OF THE TEXIAN PRISONER

Oh, my heart is sick and weary
With its ling'ring hope deferred.
Oh, these sunny days are dreary
To the soul by chains deterred.
Towards my country fancy stealing
Seems to elude my galling bands,
Till recalled by shameful feeling,
Urged to toil with fettered hands.

Days of durance! when victorious
Shall my country bid ye cease?
When midst brother warriors glorious
Shall I meet the smiles of peace?
Haply yet some rage shall doom me
In my chains uncheered to die;
And if so, 'tis welcome to me,
Ere my country's cause I'll fly.

J. F[REON(?)].

LAST CALL FOR ASSISTANCE^a

Texians, to your banner fly,
Texians, now your valor try,
Listen to your country's cry;
Onward to the field.

Armed in perfect panoply,
Marshall'd well our ranks must be;
Strike the blow for liberty,
Make the tyrant yield.

Who is he that fears his power?
Who is he that dreads the hour?
Who is he would basely cower?
Let him flee for life.

Who is he that ready stands
To fight for Texas and her lands?
Him his country now commands,
Onward, to the strife.

Small in number is our host;
But our cause is nobly just;
God of battles is our trust
In the dread affray.

And when the war is o'er, we'll see
Texas safe and Texas free;
Glorious will our triumph be
On each bloody day.

J. FREON.

^aBolton and Barker in *With the Makers of Texas*, p. 159, quote this poem, but omit the last stanza, which I give here as penned in the original copy in my possession. They reprint it from the *Telegraph and Texas Register*, August 9, 1836, where the last stanza is also omitted. Drs. Bolton and Barker head it, "The Texas Marseillaise." The reader will note the words will not accommodate themselves to that tune, however. My copy reads to sing to tune, "Scots wha' hae." Drs. Bolton and Barker state "author unknown." J. Freon was undoubtedly the author in the absence of proof to the contrary. In my original manuscript copy, he states "written for Travis; The Last Call for Assistance."

THE TEXIAN WAR CRY⁷

Ye heirs of freedom! hear the war cry
Now swelling from ten thousand tongues
In shouts betokening victory
Blown o'er the world by trumpet lungs.
Awake! awake! the drum is pealing
On Bexar's woody hills around;
The tread of battle shakes the ground,
And rifles keen death shots are dealing.

Hurrah, hurrah, for war;
The battle flag waves high;
The rising of the Texian star
Shall light to victory!

Shall sons of Washington not rally
When war dogs howl on yonder plain
And rapine stalks over hill and valley
To bind us in oppression's chains?
Shall bigot violence and plunder
On Brazos' banks infuriate roam,
And fill with fear each peaceful home?
No! answer with the cannon's thunder!

And by that blood-stained altar kneeling,
The scathed and war torn Alamo
We pledge our all of patriot feeling
To hurl red vengeance on the foe.
But now the tyrant's foot is crushing
Each gray haired sire and blooming son
Who lifts in freedom's cause the gun,
And shall not patriots dare his rushing?

Then, heirs of freedom! hear the war cry
Now swelling from ten thousand tongues
In shouts betokening victory,
Borne o'er the world by trumpet lungs,

⁷This is the original copy of this poem, and was published and properly credited to G. V. H. Forbes, as here written, in the *Telegraph and Texas Register*, August 30, 1836.

Awake! awake! the drum is pealing
On Bexar's woody hills around!
The tread of battle shakes the ground,
And rifles keen death shots are dealing.

THE HEROES OF THE ALAMO^s

Bright was their fortune, and sublime their doom,
Who perished at the Alamo—their tomb,
An altar for their sons—their dirge renown!

Their epitaph nor rust shall e'er efface,
Nor time, that changes all things else debase,
Nor later ages in their pride disown!

Their tomb contains, enshrined besides the dead,
A mighty inmate: Her for whom they bled—
Their country's unforgotten fame.

Witness the heroic Travis, who in death
Did win high valors more than Pythian wreath,
A crown unfading—an immortal name!

CROCKETT^s

Though sad was his fate, and mournful the story,
The deeds of the hero shall never decay;
He fell in a cause dear to freedom and glory,
And fought to the last like a lion at bay.

When rang the loud call from a nation oppressed,
And her valleys with slaughter of brave men were red,
'Twas the pride of poor Crockett to help the distressed,
And the watchword of Texas was heard—*Go ahead.*

His death-dealing rifle no longer shall shower
Its unerring balls on the proud haughty foe;
Cut down in the spring time of life's budding flower,
His tombstone, alas, are thy walls, Alamo.

^sA New Orleans paper, July 25, 1836.

^sFrom the *New York Star*, 1836.

Then may we not hope, since valor has crowned him,
And o'er him bright fame her mantle has spread,
In the soul's parting hour good angels were round him,
Bid his spirit arise to the skies, "Go ahead."

DAVID CROCKETT

He fell as doth a lion bold,
Beneath a tyrant's hand;
The warm heart now in death lies cold
Within a foreign land;
And cursed be he who aimed the blow
That laid this noble warrior low.

He fell amidst a sturdy band,
The bravest of the brave;
Death struck the sabre from his hand,
And laid him in the grave;
But memory for him will shed
A tear to bless the noble dead.

And round the graves of those who died,
And fell like him in battle's fray,
'Twill be Columbia's poet's pride
To write their glories in their lay;
'Neath the proud Eagle's wide spread wings,
Fearless of despots or kings.

Santa Anna, o'er thy head may wave
The bloody flag to affright the free;
But to the good and to the brave
'Tis not the flag of liberty;
And whilst remembrance has a claim
To know mankind, 'twill curse thy name.

'Twill curse thy name because thy deeds
Are writtten on the page of time;
But like the valorous heart that bleeds,
But like a wretch besmeared with crime;
A wretch who wields a tyrant's rod,
Unmindful of his soul and God.

But sleep on Crockett—though thy bed
Is far from thy dear native home;
Yet, he who venerates the dead,
Will bid some stranger there to roam,
That he may shed a tear for thee,
And plant the flag of Liberty.

HYMN OF THE ALAMO¹⁰

“Rise, man the wall, our clarion’s blast
Now sounds its final reveille;
This dawning morn must be the last
Our fated band shall ever see.
To life, but not to hope, farewell!
Yon trumpet’s clang, and cannon’s peal,
And storming shout, and clash of steel,
Is ours, but not our country’s knell!
Welcome the Spartan’s death—
’Tis no despairing strife—
We fall!—we die!—but our expiring breath
Is Freedom’s breath of life!”

“Here, on this new Thermopylae,
Our monument shall tower on high,
And ‘Alamo’ hereafter be
In bloodier fields, the battle cry.”
Thus Travis from the rampart cried;
And when his warriors saw the foe,
Like whelming billows move below,
At once each dauntless heart replied,
“Welcome the Spartan’s death—
’Tis no despairing strife—

¹⁰This poem has a national reputation, and is beloved by Texans. It was first published at Columbia, Texas, in the *Telegraph and Texas Register*, Wednesday, October 5, 1836, and signed “P.”

In the publication in the *Telegraph and Texas Register*, in the second stanza, the seventh verse reads “angry billows” instead of “whelming billows,” as in *this* corrected copy. The eighth verse, same stanza, reads in *Telegraph and Texas Register*, “each dauntless heart at once replied”; here reads, “at once each dauntless heart replied.” In *Telegraph and Texas Register*, the third stanza, fifth verse, reads “The last was felled the fight to gain,” and here it reads, “Till falls their flag when none remain.”

We fall!—we die—but our expiring breath
Is Freedom's breath of life!

"They come—like autumn's leaves they fall,
Yet, hordes on hordes, they onward rush;
With gory tramp, they mount the wall,
Till numbers the defenders crush—
Till falls their flag when none remain!
Well may the ruffians quake to tell
How Travis and his hundred fell
Amid a thousand foeman slain!
They died the Spartan's death,
But not in hopeless strife—
Like brothers died and their expiring breath
Was Freedom's breath of life!

R. M. POTTER.

VENGEANCE ON SANTA ANNA¹¹

Vengeance on Santa Anna and his minions;
Vile scum, up boiled from the infernal regions;
Dragons of fire, on black sulphurous pinions,
The offscouring baseness of Hell's blackest legions;
Too filthy far, with crawling worms to dwell,
And far too horrid, and too base for hell.

These dragons, rushing from black shades infernal,
Across the lovely, fair, and beauteous Texas,
Of spite implicate, and of hate eternal,
With bloody fangs devour all ages, sexes;
More cruel far than death, than demons even,
Making a graveyard what were almost heaven.

No prayers for mercy, poured from deep affliction,
In tears, in lone despair, and bitter anguish,
Can save the poor, betrayed, and hapless Texian

¹¹To the editor of the (New Orleans) *Bulletin*: The enclosed was written on Monday, after having read the melancholly intelligence of the "Fall of San Antonio," and the inhuman butchery of the garrison. It was intended for Tuesday's paper. If you think it worth inserting, it is at your disposal.

From chains and dungeons dark, where he must languish;
From death most horrid, with its utmost woes,
The joy, and sole invention of his foes.

Oh Heaven, if Heaven there be; God of salvation,
Dost thou not hear thy suppliant children crying
For mercy? See their woes and desolation;
Chains, prisons, groans, tears, agony, and dying.
Thy powerful arm in their dear cause extend,
And save thy children, and their homes defend.

O, Santa Anna, infamous aspirant;
Thy aspirations shall soon end in sorrow,
Columbia's soil cannot support a tyrant:
Thy course is finished; boast not of tomorrow;
And o'er thy grave shall Freedom's standard soar,
And her bright stars there shine to fall no more.

TEXAS¹²

Hark! from the land where blooms the rose
Throughout a year of fruits and flowers,
The clarion's call! for Freedom's foes
Would dare invade her sacred bowers.

There has the settler reared his home
By hardy toil and bold emprise,
And from religion's peaceful dome
His grateful prayers to Heaven arise.

His children round the cottage hearth,
The infant on his mother's knee,
Were taught the holiest law on earth,
Which God approves, is to be free!

And now the hour has come at last,—
Rebellion's smothered cry has broke;
Too long in galling bondage cast,
They swear to crush a tyrant's yoke.

¹²From the New York *Spirit of the Times*, 1836.

Hark! from the land where patriots dwell,
The clarion's call, a wail of grief!
Shall Texas fall as Poland fell?
No arm be raised for her relief?

No! By the arm which led them on
To settle in that fairy clime,
They'll laugh blest freedom's foes to scorn,
Or perish in the cause sublime!

Oh, righteous cause! when man, opprest,
Girds on the sword to do or die,
His name in glory's page shall rest,
And angels waft his soul on high!

Though dark oppression o'er her lower,
From bondage Texas shall arise,
And crush a haughty despot's power—
Her flag triumphant sweeps the skies!

P. L. WADDEL.

THE TEXAN'S SONG OF LIBERTY

When the locusts of tyranny darkened our land
And our friends were reduced to a small Spartan band,
When the Alamo reeked with the blood of the brave
And Mexican faith slept in Goliad's grave,
When our star, that had risen so beauteously bright,
Seemed destined to set in thick darkness and night,
'Twas then our proud leader addressed his brave men
And the prairies of Texas reechoed—Amen.

“On, on, to the conflict, ye Texians brave,
March forward to victory or down to the grave!
Let your swords be unsheathed in liberty's cause,
And your bosoms be bared in defense of your laws!
Let your watchword be Fannin, in treachery slain,
And Alamo's sons, whose bones whiten the plain!

“For your friends and your homes let your rifle be aimed,
For your country that's bleeding, exhausted, and maimed;

Go, show to the world that our handful of braves,
Can never be conquered by myriads of slaves!"
'Twas said, and the single starred banner waved high
O'er the heads of our hero, whose deep slogan cry
Made the cravens of Mexico tremble and cower,
While our bugles rang forth, "Will you come to the bower?"

WILLIAM BARTON.

THE TEXAN SONG OF LIBERTY¹³

Hark, the clarion sounds "To Arms,"
The welkin rings with war's alarms,
The youth awake to glory's charms,
And high souled chivalry.

A host is on the battle plain,
And murderers lead the motly train;
The Texan chiefs are with the slain,
Martyrs to Liberty.

Brave Houston leads a gallant band,
Felix¹⁴—the happy—takes command,
Rush, freemen, to the promised land,
And Texas shall be free.

Wilson,¹⁵ who never knew a fear,
With young Fayettes will soon be there,
Name to honor ever dear,
They'll fight most valiantly.

Sisters and mothers stay your tears;
Maidens and wives allay your fears;
See, Liberty our flag uprears.
And leads to victory.

Santana, savage fiend, no more
Our lovely fields shall drench with gore;

¹³For the *Lexington Intelligencer*, 1836, Mississippi or Kentucky.

¹⁴General Felix Huston, commander of the volunteers from Mississippi.

¹⁵Colonel Wilson, commander of the volunteers from Kentucky; most of them were from Fayette County.

The monster never met before
So brave an enemy.

He dared, all used to coward men,
To beard the lion in his den;
Oh, never let him out again,
Agents of destiny.

That Pharaoh host had crossed the tide,
The arms of God,¹⁶ then outspread wide,
And to the perjured foe denied
Fresh feats of perfidy.

Religion, can thy holy name
Associate with pollution—shame?
The blood-red flag thy sanction claim?
And such ferocity?

The gentle Jesus ne'er was trained
To deeds of blood, but peace proclaimed;
Not priest-craft, but good will ordained
And sacred charity.

Sound, clarion, sound; on, freemen on,
To Brazos' banks, where deeds are done
Worthy immortal Washington,
And all eternity.

Lexington, May 15, 1836.

SANTA ANNA¹⁷

Back, back to thy covert, thou blood hound of death,
There is woe in thy footstep, and guilt in thy breath;
Thou warrest with women, thou curse of the brave,
Thy pity is blood, and thy mercy the grave.

But soon the dread hour of avenging shall come
When thy cheek shall be blanched, and thy utterance dumb,

¹⁶The river Brazos de Dios.

¹⁷From the original manuscript copy in my possession. I have not seen this poem in print. It is in the handwriting of J. R. W., and in the absence of proof to the contrary I credit it to him.

When thy arm shall be palsied, crimsoned with gore,
And the cold sweat of terror escape from each pore.

Did you fight for the wolf or the tiger so wild?
Was your cruelty strange to the forest's red child?
Did the blood of the whites ever quicken your veins?
Are you human in form, thou monster in brains?

Back, back, to thy lair where the red wolf shall yell,
Where thy name shall be spoken in forest or dell;
Sink down in your grave, or bid mortals adieu,
Thou scorn of the wise and the brave and the true.

Long ages shall roll, but thy shame shall remain,
The pirate shall shun thee again and again;
The mountain cat flee from thy presence away,
And the truant boy over thy lowly mound play.

The aged shall curse thee, thou thirster for gore,
The worm shall be sickened with gnawing thy core,
The tombstone shall blush that points to thy grave,
Thou scorn of the true and the wise and the brave.

SAN JACINTO; A PARODY¹⁸

On San Jacinto's bloody field
Our drums and trumpets loudly pealed,
And bade a haughty tyrant yield
To Texian chivalry.

Our chieftain boldly led the van,
His sword grasp'd firmly in his hand,
And bade us tell the Mexican
To think of Labordia.

'Twas evening, and the orient sun
Into his bed was moving on
When our young heroes rush'd upon
The might of Mexico.

¹⁸For the New Orleans *Commercial Bulletin*; written two days after the fight by a gentleman who was in the battle.

*La Bahfa—Goliad.

Santa Anna traveled far to see
What men could do who dare to be free,
In spite of Spanish musketry
Or Mexican artillery.

The boldest sons of Mexico
Have learned to fear a freeman's blow,
And dread the shout of "Alamo"
From Sons of Liberty.

'Twas cheering to a Texian eye
To see Santa Anna's legions fly
From Texas' dreadful battle cry
Of death or victory.

The carnage ceased, in triumph then
Proudly shown the Texian Star,
And vengeance on her conquering car
Reposed most quietly.

Long shall the dark browed maids of Spain
Remember San Jacinto's plain,
And weep for those they ne'er again
Shall meet in revelry.

BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO

Of San Jacinto let us sing,
And of the Texian heroes,
That captured Mexico's proud king,
And all his bloody heroes.
Oh, San Jacinto was the fight
The Texians delight in
For there they used with all their might
The power they trust they're right in.
Oh, Jacinto! San Jacinto!
The heroes of Jacinto.

'Tis said that Houston, wily chief,
Did bait with aggravation
Their rage, in fighting to be brief

With battle's desolation.
He said, "Be cautious, daring boys,
The foe are twice our numbers;
Remember Fannin's fate, and Bowie's,
Perhaps, an ambush slumbers."

But when they thought of Travis' fate,
Of Fannin, King, and Crockett's,
They broke all checks with scorn and hate
And rushed to fight like rockets.
Then Sherman raised the eagle's wings,
Millard and Burleson swooped on,
And "Alamo" made Heaven ring
Above the prey they stooped on.

In eighteen minutes, or less time,
The foemen's works were taken,
And all his dark machines of crime,
By flying crowds forsaken.
The gallant Hockley threw the hoards
Of certain aiming thunder,
And brave Lamar and Karnes' swords
The flying cut asunder.

And daring Rusk, too, laurels won,
Amidst the foremost danger,
And showed the worth of Jefferson
Was to his name no stranger.
The Texians all, with single soul,
Resistless rushed in battle,
And crushed the foe, in blood to roll,
Or fly like frightened cattle.

Eight precious lives the Texians lost,
And seventeen but wounded;
But of the foe, six hundred crossed,
And by the Styx are bounded.
More than two hundred wounded groaned,
With seven hundred nabbed on,
And all their arms and money loaned
By bigot priests were grabbed on.

Oh, such a fight ne'er any time
Nor nation has afforded,
When guilt victorious for their crimes
Directly were rewarded.
Sure, heaven was in the fiery fight,
And God's indignant mercy,
For human nature's wounded rights
Led on the controversy.

Now, listen, all of every land,
Of each degree and station;
Though tyranny's o'erpowering hand
Awhile may crush a nation
And triumph with a horrid din,
Secure in servile numbers,
'Twill meet at last the might that in
The arms of freemen slumbers.

J. F[REON(?)], a Volunteer.

Velasco, December 7, 1836.

TEXAS¹⁹

I hear them still; lo, where the footsteps thronging,
Of armed thousands break upon the ear,
And the tired sense is now for silence longing,
Yet strains again the distant sounds to hear:

Lo, where unnumbered plumes are proudly waving,
And helmets flittering in the sun's broad beam,
And the fierce war horse his proud hoofs is laving
In the red blood that flows in many a stream.

'Tis there the battle now is madly raging,
And foe with foe maintains a fearful strife,

¹⁹"It will be a matter of great interest, a few years hence, to possess the various contemporary poems and speeches relating to the dawning nation of Texas. We will give our mite for the benefit of future collectors, by preserving a few [four printed next below] of those which have last come to us in the mail papers. The following have no title, and bear the signature of S. A. M. They appear in the *Gloucester* (Massachusetts) *Telegraph* and seem to refer to the late Texas triumph over Santa Anna."—*New York Mirror*, July 30, 1836.

And the doomed hero, still the contest waging,
Falls while he deems his own a charmed life.

Brave men and true, in freedom's cause unshaken,
Yours was the task to make the cowards quail,
Yours the blest songs of liberty to waken,
Till the loud echoes rung through wood and vale.

Sing, for the conquerer's arm is now victorious,
And war's shrill clarion hath not called in vain,
And freedom's banners now are floating glorious
Above the field where sleep the early slain.

S. A. M.

STAR GEMMED BANNER²⁰

Lift, lift, the star gemmed banner high,
And bid it flutter in the gale,
Bid time's remotest hour reply,
While children's children tell the tale—
How Texas from the tyrant's yoke
Her chain of damning bondage broke,
How glory gave her brightest wreath,
When Crockett closed his eyes in death.

Star of the brave, whose sisters glow
In fair Columbia's flag of light,
Which freedom, in her virgin throe,
Gave forth to cheer a world of night;
We bid thee gleam untarnished high,
Beneath whose light the brave can die,
We bid thee shine, while time shall last,
On ensign staff or giddy mast.

Fling wide the banner o'er the wave,
To gleam where mortal foot has trod;
Shine out, thou glory of the brave,
Thou last, though dearest, gift of God;

²⁰"The 'Address to the Texans,' which we next retain in order, is ascribed by the *Boston Gazette* to Mr. John E. Dow: it appeared first in the *Washington Telegraph*, and bears date Washington, May the second, 1836."—*New York Mirror*, July 30, 1836.

Shine out, as when on Eden's height
 The mandate pealed, "Let there be light";
 Shine out, while wondering millions gaze
 To catch young freedom's dazzling blaze.

Thou star that gleams 'mid morning's light,
 We welcome thee in youthful prime;
 We bid thee gleam in splendour bright,
 A new born planet of our time.

Alamo fell beneath thy fold,
 While history traced thy fame in gold,
 (Broad as the light which glory flings)
 With pinons pluck'd from angel's wings.

Shine on; thou mad'st Sant' Anna cower,
 When Mexic's slaves in panic fled,
 When Cos in nature's fairest bower
 In terror bent his bleeding head,
 We bid thee live, thou dazzling gem,
 A scion of a noble stem,
 Till heaven shall lose her starry host,
 And shall become a nation's boast.

FLAG OF TEXAS²¹

Float on, thou bright young banner,
 Adopted by the free,
 When at the cannon's mouth they swore,
 For death or liberty.
 Thou child of peril, the stripes that date
 Thy yet unwritten story
 May gather stars and wave o'er fields
 Where freemen fight for glory.

The breeze of heaven shall bear thee
 Upon its sunny wing,
 Until the triumph of thy star
 The dove of peace shall bring.

²¹"We now turn to an invocation to the 'Flag of Texas,' which appears in the *Baltimore Patriot*, and is signed J. M. M."—*New York Mirror*, July 30, 1836.

Thy birthplace was the field of blood,
 And war's terrific thunder
 Did cradle thee, till thou hast broke
 Oppressor's bonds asunder.

Among the flags of nations,
 There is a place for thee,
 Flaunt up, thou bright young banner,
 Flaunt proudly o'er the free.
 The stripes and stars shall lead thee on,
 That o'er Columbia wave;
 Float on in sweet companionship,
 Proud banner of the brave.

TEXAS²²

Like torrents to the plains below
 Rushed on the fierce ensanguined foe,
 And dark and turbid was the flow
 Of Brassos rolling rapidly.

But Texian heroes armed for fight
 Rolled onward in their stormy might,
 Where fires of death had marked the site
 Of havoc's gory scenery.

In phalanx firm and fast arrayed,
 Each soldier drew his trusty blade,
 And at one charge in death was laid
 Half of their savage enemy.

Then from the fated field were driven
 Bexar's inhuman legions—riven,
 And proof to all the world was given,
 How men can fight for liberty.

Nor is the fearful conflict o'er,
 While yet the distant cannons roar,

²²"And in the Mississippi *Christian Herald*, we read the following, evidently imitated from Campbell, and descriptive of the late glorious victory. It is headed 'Texas.'"—*New York Mirror*, July 30, 1836.

Like far-off thunder on the shore,
 Illumed by deeds of bravery.

Then arouse, ye sons of freedom, go
 Avenge the fall of Alamo
 And teach yon more than savage foe,
 How hard to fight for slavery.

Drive far into the desert gloom
 The wretches who would seal your doom,
 Denying life, or e'en a tomb,
 To freedom's fallen chivalry.

* * * * *

The combat's o'er; now rest, ye brave,
 Who fought for vict'ry or the grave,
 And let that star-bright banner wave—
 Its motto—God and liberty.

ADDRESS TO THE BRAVE AMERICANS OF THE SOUTH AND WEST²³

March! march! each brave American,
 The 'blood-red flag' is near our borders
 Rush! rush! rush like the hurricane.
 Quick! volunteer, *wait not for orders!*

The 'starry banner' spread,
 Shall then float o'er your head,
 And sabres shall clash sweeping and gory;
 Come to the rescue then,
 Ye brave Kentucky men.

Riflemen! tell them the New Orleans story.
 March! march! brave Carolinians!
 Remember your fathers and your own Marion—
 March! march! ye noble Virginians,
 Come to the sound of drum and of clarion.

Let them come on, let them once cross the Sabine;
 They shall meet then the Romans of modern times;

²³From the *Baltimore American*, 1836.

There let them once show their banner of rapine,
The 'massacre' flag deeply stained with their crimes!
Ochmulgee and Flint rivers pour forth your sons;
Montgomery! Mobile! be first in the field;
Louisiana! Missouri, come on at once,
And be to your country banner and shield.

The Indians are coming, they'll ne'er come again,
Nor the breath of their nostrils be breathed among men;
But darkly and lonely they all shall be laid
In the graves which our sabres and lances have made.
With the rifle and lance and Bible in hand
We'll lawfully enter the long 'promised land,'
And sweep from this planet these new 'Moabites,'
And drive from the prairies these 'Canaanites.'

Come to the rescue! oh, come to the frontier;
Why in soft dalliance longer stay here?
The blood of our kindred will be purpling the river!
And should we forgive ourselves? never! no never!
The Comanche, the Pawnee, those Indian tribes,
Bought over by Mexican munitions and bribes,
Are once more preparing, roused from their lair,
To lay our frontier desolate, bare!

We'll meet all those savages, headed by 'Neroes,'
Only be ready men, be soldiers! be heroes!
For war shall be waged alas! too horrific,
And peace be granted only on the Pacific,
Trumpets are sounding, war steeds are bounding.
Stand to your arms, and march in good order;
Mexico shall many a day tell of the bloody fray,
When first the 'blood-red flag' came over the border!

Oft in the stilly night
On the far prairie,
With the stars for our light,
The hymn of liberty.
Shall be sounded yet.

Great Heaven! guide us right;
Renew our souls aright,
Guide us by day and night—
Our surest and best light!
Oft in the stilly night
On the far prairie
With the stars for our light,
The hymn of liberty
Shall be sounded yet.

And when we have perished, dead to this world,
In current of the heady fight,
Freedom's own glorious banner still unfurled
Shall beam, in one unclouded light,
A beacon to all future ages
When heroes and the best of sages
Shall point out where the fight was done,
Exclaiming, "another Marathon!"

And all that perish on that day,
Their souls ascending with swiftest pinions,
Shall yet look down while on their way,
To brighter far, and more vast dominions.
While yet the smoke of the battle field
From other eyes the scene may shield,
The rifle, sabre, and the lance
Shall yet be seen by our keen glance.

Till wafted to the great 'elsewhere,'
We cleave etherial fields of air,
To render to the great Supreme,
The one eternal, glorious hymn.

Baltimore, April 25, 1836.

JAMES DICKSON.

THE TEXIAN BANNER

O say, does the martyr-blest banner still show
Victorious the star of the Texian nation,
That shone so triumphantly out on the foe,
Like the sweet star of hope amidst extermination,
Where Jacinto's dread air was a breath and a snare

From the ghosts of Alamo and Goliad's pyre,
 Its signal for freedom displaying abroad,
 With vengeance and glory for man and for God?

O say, shall that banner e'er sink in the fight,
 Beneath the dark mandate of annihilation,
 While tyranny, trampling on all human right,
 Shouts, "havoc and ruin are my exaltation"?
 Oh, no, thou just God! with victory's rod
 The hands of brave freemen thou lov'st to applaud,
 Thou still will defend us and give us success
 Till safety and peace our dear banner shall bless.

Come on then, ye freemen, to battle come on,
 The free are returning and swear desolation;
 They are mustering their bands, and in numbers alone
 They trust, with a cruel and fierce expectation:
 Let the free volunteer with his armor appear,
 And force the oppressor to yield and to fear,
 Then the sweet star of hope, like a heavenly isle,
 On the banner of Texas with triumph shall smile.

J. FREON, *a Volunteer.*

PATRIOTIC SONG²⁴

Texians brave! whom Houston led,
 Again the foe our blood would shed;
 Again they court a gory bed,
 As on Jacinto's plain.

There are things to be remembered yet;
 The orphan's eyelid still is wet,
 And Fannin's fate do we forget?
 No, nor the Alamo!

Though they can solemn treaties break,
 Our constancy they cannot shake;
 The swords we reaping hooks would make,
 We still as swords can wield.

Then sound to arms, to arms! ye brave!
 One single Star shall blind the slaves,
 While bugles give, as once they gave,
 Their "Welcome to the Bower."

J. R. W.

²⁴*Telegraph and Texas Register*, February 21, 1837.